If you repay me not on such a day
In such a place, such summe or summes as are
Expreſt in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaſeth me.
Ant. Content i faith, ile ſeale to ſuch a bond,
And ſay there is much kindneſſe in the *Iew*.
Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeale to ſuch a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my neceſſity.
An. Why feare not man, *I* will not forfet it,
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, *I* do expect returne
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father *Abram*, what theſe Chriſtians are,
Whoſe owne hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others: pray you tell me this,
If he ſhould breake his day, what ſhould I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans fleſh taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neyther
As fleſh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goats, I ſay,
To buy his fauour, I extend this friendſhip,
If he will take it ſo, if not adiew,
And for my loue, I pray you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale vnto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
Giue him direction for this merry bond,
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraight,
See to my houſe, left in the fearefull guard
Of an vnthrifty knaue; and preſently
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
Ant. Hie thee gentle *Iew*: the Hebrew will turne Chriſtian,
he growes ſo kinde.
Baſſ. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.
Ant. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay.

My ſhips come home a month before the day. *Exeunt*

Enter Morochus a tawny Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerriſſa, & their traine.

Moroc. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed liuery of the burniſht ſunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring the faireſt creature North-ward borne,
Where Phœbus fire ſcarſe thawes the yſicles,
And let vs make inciſion for your loue,
To proue whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant (by my Loue I ſweare)
The beſt regarded virgins of our clime
Hath lou'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
Por. In termes of choiſe I am not ſoly led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes.
Beſides, the Lottry of my deſtiny
Barres me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yeeld my ſelfe
His wife, who winnes me by that meanes I told you,
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) than ſtood as faire
As any commer I haue look'd on yet,
For my affection.
Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune. By this Semitaur
That ſlew the Sophy, and a Perſian Prince,
That wonne three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would out-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that looke:
Out-braue the heart moſt daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong ſucking Cubs from the ſhee-Beare,

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